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THE NATION'S BALLOT AND ITS DECISION.

THERE is a striking contrast between two scenes presented to us in Gospel history, in the record of both of which we read of the casting-of-lots. There is all possible difference between the two applications or meanings of that same phrase in the two incidents. In the one case, an issue was staked on what is called "blind chance;" in the other, on a deliberately solemn expression of a devoutly guided will in forming a judgment. The Roman soldiers, the mechanical officials at the Saviour's cross, when that tragedy was over, "cast lots" for his garment. The eleven apostles, purposing to fill one vacancy in their former fellowship, to preserve the national, traditional sanctity and associations with the number "twelve," gave forth their lots.

In both cases, so far as was visible to the eye, the method of decision was the same. The word "lot" is suggestive to us of an appeal to chance. To cast a lot, to throw, to toss, to stake a venture on the die, are all tokens that men commit to the decision of hap what they will not dispose by intelligence or choice, or the decision of the higher Will. Any tool or implement or test will serve for that use. But when, instead of the word "lot," we use the word "ballot," we begin to discern a difference; and the difference mounts and strengthens, till all thought of an appeal to chance leaves our minds, the more we interpose of human preference, purpose, or will. The rude soldiers on Calvary were entitled to the spoils of

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their victim. Some of the lesser ones they could distribute. The seamless robe, the most coveted, could not be divided, They put to trial in their own way a familiar hazard in their own game of life, when they tossed the sticks or the dice to decide which of them should gain the prize. It would ill-become the winner, if he should wear it. All chance prizes are apt to suggest incongruity in their use.

We can hardly call the other scene a trial by lot. were no dice there. Chance was excluded from the appeal; and a wise, discerning, and guiding Power above was asked to overrule the decision, not on a throw or by a count, but in the hearts of human arbiters. The eleven apostles selected by name two men standing nearest their own special fellowship, and both alike fulfilling the specific requirements of the case, both alike qualified, both unobjectionable, for exactly the same work and service. They bowed in prayer for God's best guidance in rebuking private partialities, and suggesting any ground, were it but the slightest, for preference. And then, after bowing before God, they signified their choice. For any thing we know, the result of the ballot was perfect unanimity. Such may be the difference between the lot and the ballot. The intervention of the human choice and will is one element of the difference; the recognition of the divine oversight is another.

What is the significance of that trial and decision by the ballot which has just been made by our citizens counted by millions? Would that we could pronounce it to be a complete and infallible decision, on the part of every individual on either side in it, between absolute right and wrong; between full wisdom and blind folly; between sure good and the sum of evils! It would be a convenience, if, in any human controversy or contest, a dividing line were manifestly drawn so straight and sharp and deep, between the conflicting elements which are ever warring in this world with their respective champions. But common experience, to say nothing of charity, forbids us to look in human affairs for such an anticipation of the judgment. Honest and high-souled patriots and Christian men were found on both sides of this

party-issue. Its own complications, and the known qualities of human nature, not only prove, but account for, the fact, that the individual men of the gaining and the losing side are not to be classified by the distinction of righteous or unrighteous, wise or foolish, in their characters and aims. One who sincerely so believes, however, may modestly venture the avowal of his belief, that the result of the great balloting would not have been different, if some shadowy warden of the polls had overmastered the voting so that all the wise and good and righteous had actually voted on one side. But again: we discard the imputation and the claim which would go with such a pretence as a matter of fact. Let there be not only magnanimity, but fair, right admission in the case. Let not the driving-out of what we call one evil spirit bring in seven others. Let us soothe the irritations of the strife among ourselves, and give over opprobrious names, and prevent the suppuration of wounds which may all heal with an unimpaired vigor for the whole body. The honored Chief Magistrate, to whom accrues so high a tribute from the decision, has set a beautiful example of graceful and kindly recognition of right purposes and honest aims in those who did not vote for him. So effective has been that token of a right spirit in him, that not a few who are the subjects of it would be glad now to give him the votes which they cast against him.

But though a balloting among men on great political or party issues does not sharply and completely divide between the champions of wisdom and folly, of good and evil, it does engage and put to trial all the mixed and conflicting measures of those warring elements which are found in each individual man who takes part in it. To one who can read human nature thoroughly and deeply, how easy the solution of marvels and proclivities and variances which to most of us are so baffling! Men make up their minds, they say: they form their opinions: they mature their judgments: and then they pronounce, and act accordingly. There are but few citizen voters who would not resent a denial of this claim on their part. And yet to how many

abatements and qualifications is it justly subject! The most that it can be made to mean is, that a voter, through force of some overbalancing influence, motive, or reason, decides on which of two sides he will dispose himself. The character of the reason, bias, or purpose which controls his decision, may range over the whole scale of good and evil. You only multiply units when you count a million. A ballot on a party-issue, whether cast by tens or millions of men, is but a larger testing and exhibition of all the complicated elements of human nature in each single man. A party, however large, however exalted its professions, must regard itself as falling, proportionately, just so far short of absolute freedom from bias or error, and of absolute infallibility of judgment and principle, as would the best man composing it in his own private capacity. Our whole race has not a vice or a virtue, a passion or an infirmity, a quality of wisdom or of folly, of which each man has not in himself the germ in some stage of its growth and fruitage. Still we understand better the mixed elements and biasses of will and judgment, and the abatements and excesses of the good and the evil of human nature, when brought out in the crowd, than when manifested in an individual.

Yet there is a significance, a moral of an intelligible character, in the result of that huge ballot. Whatever there was at stake in the trial transfers all its import to measure that meaning of the decision as on one side, rather than the other, of the alternative at issue. The voice of the nation, expressing its will and purpose, approves, and therefore proposes to pursue resolutely and at all costs, the military policy which it has already tried for four years. The people must be understood as ratifying, not repenting of, not even murmuring over, or asking to reconsider, a course of which it has had fair experience. The majority is a decisive one; and under its expressive verdict, if the question were tried again this week, it would doubtless be yet larger: so re-assuring is the influence of such a decision on those who make it, while it also has a converting power on many of those who withstood it!

If ever we ascribe to the verdict of men, counted one by one to millions, a significance bearing, if not on the absolute right, yet at least on their convictions of what is right, we can scarce deny or depreciate the weight of that decision now. Those who, after experience of war, resolve to continue it, must, at least, be regarded as more resolute than those who begin a war. All means and efforts were engaged to make the decision an intelligent one, and to bring the elements which entered into it within the comprehension of ordinary minds. The burden which the nation is bearing, and that which it would need to assume, with the sure ratio of its increase and severity, with the consequent vexations and risks, were candidly disclosed. The resources, also, of the nation were deliberately estimated on the basis of its reserved energies, as in part a matter of statistics, and, for the rest, of reasonable hypothesis. Deference was paid to the high standard of common intelligence among the nativeborn voters, by laying before them, in carefully prepared documents, the materials for unbiassed judgment. The usual artifices of a political campaign were subjected to all the restraints and cautionary measures which are consistent with liberty for both parties. Even the popular harangues were, in general, of a high tone; and only a very few of the public speakers were so far misled by their own ill temper or their selfish aims as to leave recorded against them legitimate reasons, if not for political, at least for social, proscription. The opposition did good service towards insuring the same intelligence of decision, by presenting all the cogent reasons, all the actual obstacles, as well as all the bugbear and fictitious apprehensions, which might warrant its own measures, or qualify the convictions, the purposes, or the zeal of the party in power. There was less than ever before of that inconsistency between our professed reliance upon the intelligence of the masses, and the tricks and cajoleries, the trumpery catch-words and silly devices which address themselves to those who help to fill the net, without being conscious that their destined use is that of bait. If, as is affirmed by those who should know, some hundreds of hired

torch-bearers appeared, for the same fee, in the city processions of both parties, they will have occasion only to remember which party happened to have the pleasanter weather for its night-tramp, and the more rallying creature-comforts for protection against a cold. Those who, in reviewing the struggle, are curious to pursue it into its private and personal partisanships, may employ their ingenuity, with or without their charity, in accounting for the position of this man or that, by a smouldering animosity, or a laid-up grudge from former antagonisms. Nor will individual instances be lacking, to be discussed between the generous and the suspicious, of conversions and avowed convictions and new positions attached to the names of public men.

Such of us as are happily exempted by profession or principle or temperament from the more exciting and passionate experiences connected with such a struggle, may find in it rich materials for quiet thoughtfulness and for profound speculation. On the whole, the occasion was one which we all feel and know is burdened with momentous and near consequences. As it will enter into history, who of us would not be glad, if, in the calm and security of some other scene or age, he might read the matured issues of the nation's balloting and its decision?

From the clustering homes of our northern and western lands, in crowded cities, snug towns, and scattered rural dwellings, have come those whose ballots have wrought this decision. Many of them were cast after prayers as sincere as those which preceded the choice of an apostle. Those ballots were dropped by hands which have been wrung in woe over the desolations of the war made in those thousand homes. The populous metropolis of the land, the centre of all disturbing and dangerous influences, cast a ballot in which some forty thousand majority were counted by the opposition,—coming from foreigners by birth,—as yet unskilled in our highest patriotism, and from exiles, and sympathizers with sedition, resident there. But that local majority was more than neutralized outside the capital, in the rural regions of the State, by its native-born and educated inhabitants. The

voice of the people is not the voice of God; but only the voice of God can silence it. And only his will in manifest demonstration can thwart its purpose. Such is the significance of this ballot. It is not the triumph of a divine decree, but it is the ratifying of an intelligent resolution of man.

There was an alternative for choice, — a positive twosided issue submitted to the people for their ballot. That alternative on the one side was simple; on the other, vague and complicated. On the one side it was this: Shall we pursue our military policy unchanged in method or design or leadership, with the one sole purpose of crushing rebellion, and saving and vindicating the nation? On the other side. the alternative, as presented by a party composed of heterogeneous and discordant elements, was not simple, but compound, confusing, not definable, except by many distinctions and qualifications. To some who espoused the opposition, its aim was hardly distinguishable, except as to leadership, from that which the Government was pursuing, and the people have ratified. But a leading motive or purpose scarcely consists with joint or distracting motives or even wishes not approving its own direct and sole design. And so an opposition which professed only a desire for some change in the conduct of the war entered into fellowship with those who pronounced the war a crime and a failure, hopeless, and therefore to be given over by other efforts for peace.

So incongruous and discordant were the elements of the party in opposition, that, in the event of its political success, it would have found within its own ranks and councils, under some modifications indeed, though essentially the same irreconcilable aims and purposes, and the same differences of opinion as to methods and means which constituted the grounds of its antagonism to the party in power,—now no longer a party. Precisely the same strife which has been convulsing the politics of the nation would have been transferred in a more condensed, but by no means a more tractable, or a less distracting or alarming form, into the sharper

discords of a cabinet and an Administration dictated to by those who might claim to have given them the power. There was really no issue between the two parties, the substance of which was not manifest in the incorporated, but not assimilated, elements of the party in opposition. Of what sort the precipitate from such a combination would have been, even those who compounded it could not reasonably predict. The decision of the nation has adopted the simpler alternative of the issue.

And yet, though the resolve to pursue the war unchanged in councils and in leadership sounds and is simple in its statement, it is one to which many discordant elements contribute, and which is full of perplexities and anxieties in its details. It avows what we purpose to do, and then it throws us back on our ways and means. Its purpose is to put the maintenance of our American National unity foremost in resolve, and in political and military measures and enterprises. The whole soil of the United States of North America is regarded as held in fee by the nation; and all who live on its territory are held in allegiance to its laws and edicts. Under certain just restrictions of right policy and humanity, the question of territorial integrity and unity takes precedence of all others. The purpose is, that the law of the nation shall extend over the whole of it, whatever may befall the inhabitants or the peculiar institutions of any rebellious portion of it, - town or state, individual or confederacy. people abroad find it difficult to comprehend the idea which underlies this resolution, it may be because it is an American idea nationalized by the American people. We have all learned how dull and slow even our English kinsfolk have been to apprehend this idea of ours. They are beginning, however, to take it in; and their learning it now may save them trouble for the future.

It claims special notice, that, in this stern trial of purely American principles on so broad a field and with such momentous national issues, we should have had a purely American Chief Magistrate. Our President is an indigenous man, the product of our own soil and circumstances, in a

region where the peculiarities of place, of influences, and products are most distinctively characteristic. He is no courtier, no scholar, no trained expert in the manners of academies or drawing-rooms. His features would baffle the moulding skill of classic Grecian art, and perplex the chisel of genius, in fashioning their marble counterpart. Marble would not be the suitable material for their presentment. In vain would the Roman toga attempt to round into easy grace of shape and attitude the angularities of his limbs. The canvas which is to be animate with his portrait must be content to be excluded from all galleries of beauty. Talleyrand would be impressed with the waste rather than with the lack of direct self-committal in his plain-spoken words. He is, indeed, home-born, home-bred, the product of our own soil, and of that, too, beyond the mountain-ridge of the primary deposit. The wits and triflers of the press, and many silly story-tellers, have shown a poor ingenuity in fabricating reports of him and his sayings, designed to heap ridicule on him. His lack of the graces and of the polish of artificial manners, his plain-spoken ways, and his shrewd aptness in blunting impertinent or obtrusive approaches by facetious indifference, make him an easy victim for those skilled in the little arts of malice and slander. But he has already made the mark of character, and won the homage rendered to straight-forward, high-toned integrity. The statesmen and diplomatists of the old world, after taking time to place him and to analyze him, have now discerned the specific cast and genus of the man; and they accord to him an honor which State craft and official dignity by no means imply, even if they consist with it. History is ransacked in vain for a parallel to him, though, in its revolutionary annals, it gives us, in its representative characters, many striking contrasts to him. Destined, we may well believe him to be, to a wide and an exalted fame! A man of a godly and revering frame of heart, ruling his own spirit, unselfish and faithful towards his fellow-men, pure and devoted in ministering the most conspicuous office of government on the whole earth, - such he seems thus far to VOL XXXII.

have proved himself. And his trial has been sharp and stern. If such as he has been he still shall be, — and there is a pledge of prolonged identity in the man, and of perseverance in the style of his virtues, — then, when he becomes a character of history, to say nothing of the attractions of the picturesque in personal history, or the diagnosis of a marked individuality, — will he not stand among the world's very greatest and very best? How men among us with human hearts can turn him into a jeer, call him a tyrant, malign him as a trimmer or a demagogue, — is not indeed a wonder; for folly in all its shapes is naturalized among us: but it is a sad token of the lack of all manly nobleness and generous sympathy. What cares and burdens, what responsibilities and anxieties, what days and nights are his!

But the choice of a leader is not the disposal of the conflict, nor the solution of the dread perplexities of our future. There is a dim and difficult way before us. The thronging, deepening anxieties of the national struggle appal the hearts of many; and only those of lightest hope and weakest judgment would presume to indicate any near result, or to shape its conditions. The future can be cheered or forecast by us only through the positive assurances and facts which the

present gives as encouragement.

In looking on into the future, and conceiving and laboring for any prospect or plan for the solution of the mighty result, there are two sources or grounds of our wise reliance: first, a confident hopefulness of a desirable and a rewarding issue for the conflict; and, second, an intelligent and bold acknowledgement of the many practical difficulties, embarrassments, complications, and tangled conditions of the

struggle.

We need first and most the strength and leading of an unwavering, full-freighted hope, true confidence, humble, thoughtful, chastened, as may be, held under allowances for all divine overrulings of our ignorance or our wishes; but still a confident hope, a conviction, that the dread struggle will repay its cost, and be crowned with a triumphant success. Let that hope be seated in our hearts! It will be to us

strength, cheerfulness, solace, and provision under all that lies between us and its full fruition. And the past and the present will furnish warrants for that hope. We have retraced no step, yielded no resolution, depreciated or distrusted no motive, which has thus far guided us. The will and purpose of the people have been declared by ballot. In face of all the known and apprehended exactions of the struggle projected into the undefined future, under the burden of an increasing drain of men and money, of taxation and personal sacrifice, the voice of the people is, that the strife against rebellion should be vigorously pursued, and that the same mind and will and lead which have thus far directed it shall retain the power, skilled by practice, and approved in resolve and aim. A strong and reasonable hope in any enterprise which engages the energies of men centres in the consciousness of ability and purpose within themselves. Have not most of us thought and felt, all along the course of this awful fraternal strife, that, if we have so great a cause to be saved, it must have in itself some self-saving power; a vitality and vigor which will re-enforce us while we are serving it? There must be a virtue, an energy, in our national cause, which has a potency in itself, using us as instruments for its success, for its triumph. This prompting of patriotism as a spirit lying behind and within the inspiration of men and women, not only of armies, but of those who fill them and feed them and pay them, and minister to their wounded, and honor their dead, — this spirit of patriotism is the mightiest weapon Like the sun, it feeds its own flames; and men do not see or know how its unwasted supplies are secretly renewed. We are often reminded in these peaceful, thriving regions, that we do not realize the war. No; nor do we know the resources within us on which we have not yet drawn. Our hope has power and grace behind it.

The question of cost in money, the enormous outlay, the heaping debt, will not impair or chill that hope. Putting all thought of repudiation or national bankruptcy out of view, we can contemplate the possibility, if stern necessity should require, that the great majority of those who hold the pecu-

niary national obligations should, by voluntary proffer and petition to the Government, propose to surrender every money-claim for the sake of the country, for the sake of posterity. And as to men, — men for the camp and field and for the ships, — the men stand behind the ballots which represent the people's purpose one way, to secure its fulfilment in another.

The second ground of our wise reliance is found in a bold and intelligent facing of all the practical difficulties before us. They are many and huge ones. It requires courage to face them in their dim, bewildering vastness and terror. But it would not be wise to attempt to shape them, for they are misty at best; and some of them will never become solid, and others of them will vanish. But we must face many of them as realities, stern and perilous; and we must say to ourselves, as one by one they take shape, this is to be mastered and disposed of. Of one thing we may be certain, as illustrated by personal and universal experience of the relations between foreboded and actual evils, that no more dismal realities can be visited upon us than those which have been made familiar to our apprehensions by the dark predictions of some among us who have opposed the national purpose, or the conduct of the war. Many of us, in the exercise of our best intelligence, settled in our minds the irrevocable decision, that, as failure would be total and permanent ruin to us, all inflictions and calamities short of that were to be regarded as conditions for averting it, and therefore to be submitted to, without halting or even protest. The object which we have in view has steadily become more definite, more dear, and more sacred, as effort and sacrifice have carried us deeper into its vitalities. Our cause has won an element of inexpressible potency for appeal and resolution in the precious and endeared offerings made to it. Its youngest victims stand as our sagest councillors, the purest priests at the nation's altar, the most hopeful prophets of sure triumph. The Christian conscience of the people, without the help of cunning casuistry, but with the full, calm, earnest conviction of a heart-purpose, assures us that a grand

and holy inspiration of humanity overrules all other motives and aims of the war. The majority of our soldiers in field and camp, with heads bared, and faces turned heavenward, may affirm that they are fighting for a cause in which their present foes are to have a full share of good with themselves, and that the sum of blessing to each depends upon our success.

Whether this war shall prove, on the nation's part, to have been a crime or a righteous enterprise, depends upon what is yet to transpire as the way and the terms of peace, and not upon mere reference to its origin, nor upon its method up to this stage of it. If we shall feel bound conscientiously, not from necessity, to close it, yielding the point and the prize of the Rebellion to those who stirred it, then it is now a crime. Our refusal at the first, our delay, our resistance to grant what we shall ever be induced to own was a rightful demand, have been and are unjustifiable. Measured by the scale of loss and woe for which we shall thus be proved culpable, our crime will be marked as of daring and awful heinousness.

So far the conscience of the nation is not pricked by reproach or misgiving. Realizing more profoundly and intensely, as, to our own amazement, we measure the course of the war by years, what horrors of scourge and misery it brings with it, the moment has not been known when the nation's second judgment has doubted whether it were wise or right to have entered upon it.

The whole issue at stake, as it showed its balanced alternative to us, when the match burned down to the powder, has remained unchanged. It was then, and is now, the alternative of a wrecked and ruined nationality, embracing the world's noblest experiment and hope, or of a country saddened, lacerated, humiliated, but purified and re-instated in its lofty distinction, by a struggle which develops and assures its true life. The great Teacher spoke one of his truths of largest compass and of most profound import in the words: "No man can serve two masters." No man can divide the allegiance of his heart. Nor can a nation do that. We have

tried to do it; and we failed. The snakes of discord were hatched in the very cradle of the nation; and they were not strangled there. Whether the human or the reptile antagonist shall retain its life, is the issue which waits decision in our civil war.

It is the greatest of wars, because for the greatest stake that was ever at issue in war. It is, in its conduct on this nation's part, the most humane war that was ever waged on the earth, engaging in us the least of ferocity, of barbarity, of reckless and fiendish cruelty, and the most relieved and chastened by forbearing mercy and thoughtfulness as to every needful measure of severity. Traitors and spies and deserters are leniently dealt with. The first and the most unpitied victims of all other convulsions and wars, they are all but tolerated, not to say, unmolested, among us. Editors of newspapers, and public plotters and declaimers against Government, are allowed a license of free speech and writing; the exceptions to which, in a very few and those not the worst cases, are, by the same tolerance of utterance, represented as instances of the most tyrannical oppression. The prisoners caught from the ranks of the nation's foe are housed and fatted, not for the slaughter, but to offset, when the time shall come to show them, the cadaverous victims from our own households who have been rotting and starving in Southern pest-houses. The angels of mercy, laden with alleviating and luxurious gifts gathered from all the household cupboards of the land, attend, with equal zeal, upon the sufferings of friend and foe. Our people have wrought and adorned the largest and richest frame in which the picture of the Good Samaritan has been or ever can be set.

Meanwhile, it is not in human nature to be satisfied under such circumstances as are now before us and around us, without asking questions, and shaping wishes into anticipations, about the future. What can we reasonably look for as the solution, the method for disposing of the terrible conflict? Our efforts and hopes, taken together, ought to fashion out something like expectations. We read the edicts of the military leaders, the editorial columns of the newspaper-

writers, and the official documents of the political schemers in the region of rebellion. They are full of resolution, of defiance, of boastful assurance, of sworn determination never to yield the ground on which they have planted themselves. Of course, these utterances will be in tone and purport such as we find them to be. For from whom do they come? Many superficial or dismayed readers among us peruse these utterances of the instigators and master-spirits of the Rebellion; and, hastily inferring that they speak the mind and will of a whole people, sadly say, "These tokens do not intimate any repentance, any sense of failure or discouragement, any readiness for conciliation on the part of our foe." Such persons have merely to put the simple question, From whom come these sturdy and defiant boasts and pledges? They can all be traced, as can the first plottings and the dragooning initiatives of the Rebellion, to a fellowship of men not exceeding in number a single score. Of course, they must remain committed to a cause, whose disaster is to them absolute wreck of all earthly aims, with the blot of eternal infamy on their names. So far as human retribution or vengeful penalty awaits them, the councils and courts of the nation will, in all probability, be spared its infliction. It will come upon them, in all the severity of which they will be able to bear it, from the dupes and victims of their own pitiless ambition and misleading falsehoods. There are those among us who say they are waiting for the days of peace, to read what they feel most interest in, - the internal secret history of the war, in the councils and privacies of the rebels. There will, indeed, be startling and confounding disclosures from those sources. But beyond all the woes and tragedies which have been opened to our knowledge as they transpired, will be the harrowing revelations of private, household griefs, of dark atrocities, of outrages and brutal inhumanities incident to the iron-heeled despotism and barbarous passion by which the plotters of the Rebellion have overawed and tyrannized over the people whose glorious heritage and birthright they have sought to sacrifice. It requires no help from the imagination to draw the scenes of agony which have crushed the

hearts, and overborne the patriotism, of hundreds of thousands in Southern homes.

Therefore, the hope of Northern Christian patriots is, that the war will find its end in the protest and rising of the people in the region of the Rebellion against their own leaders. To bring about that righteous result, is the sole purpose of the discomfiture, the sufferings, and the defeat which we expect our army and navy to inflict on the organized forces of the Rebellion. We have assured the Southern people that we are their true friends. They will believe it when they have stricken their own real enemies. That there is, in the heart of our Chief Magistrate, a purpose of magnanimous dealing which he evidently finds it hard to reserve in announcement till the fit moment for it has come, but which will meet the demands of the opportune time, and reconcile the strife, who of us doubts? Shall we not all be satisfied at least to have extended the time for the maturing of the opportunity for such a peace? G. E. E.

THE LIBEL. - "The Libel" is little more than an amusing story; and it is so humorous in itself that one almost forgets to seek for its application. A Brahmin on a fast day ("it is only among the Brahmins," says Kriloff, "that there are such hypocrites") feels inclined to eat something nourishing. In great fear of his superior, he waits till night, lights a candle, and roasts an egg over it. He is gloating, by anticipation, over the feast, and flattering himself that his superior will never hear of his peccadillo, when suddenly the latter enters the cell. "What is the meaning of this?" he cries, "deny it not: I find the egg in your hand."-"Pardon me! holy father," exclaims the Brahmin, through his tears, "I do not know how I fell into such a sin; but I was tempted by the Devil." Upon this the Devil himself appears from behind the stove. "Are you not ashamed," he says to the Brahmin, "to calumniate me so? I have just taken a lesson from you; for never, until this moment, did I know how to roast an egg over a candle." - The Russians at Home, by Sutherland Edwards.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XVII.

"JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT."

[Written by the Electress Luise Henriette von Brandenburg, after her great bereavement, in 1649. First printed in the "Berliner Gesangbuch" of 1653, it has ever since been a great favorite throughout Germany, and especially in Prussia. It was sung over the grave of Alexander von Humboldt, in May, 1859. Schubert says of it: "This song was the funeral-song of my father, my mother, and my sainted wife, and is therefore peculiarly dear to me; so that I have often repeated it with tears and longing." Only six of the ten verses are here presented.]

Jesus is my confidence,
Not by man's conceit invented;
Living Saviour! that defence
Still must keep my heart contented,
Whatsoever thoughts of fright
Startle at the long death-night.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
I shall live at his appearing,
With the life his presence gives;
Why, then, now be grieving, fearing?
Does the head the members quit,
And not draw them after it?

I am, through the covenant band,
All securely with him plighted;
Holding him with Faith's strong hand,
When life's ties are disunited;
So that no severe death-ban
Part me from his presence can.

I am dust; and 'tis in vain
Dust would keep from being scattered;
But I know he will again
Shape anew what death has shattered;
That within the upper sky
I may dwell eternally.

Body, such as God shall please, Will the new world throw around me;

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Which the Lord in glory sees,
When he with his grace has crowned me.
Then shall my transfigured frame
View his face and bless his name.

Griefs that weep, and pains that groan,
Vanish at his kind effacing:
Earthy was I darkly sown,
Heavenly grow I at the raising.
Let the flesh decay, while I
Spring to immortality.

XVIII.

"HERR, ICH HABE MISSGEHANDELT."

Lord, how off I have offended!
Weights of sin have kept me low:
Thither have my steps not tended,
Where thy law would have me go.
Fain my sad soul I would cover
From the judgments hanging over.
Ah! but where is safety lying?
Lo, thy presence everywhere!

Should I o'er the sea go flying,
Should I to earth's deeps repair,
Would the wind's swift wings infold me,
Even there thy hand would hold me.

I must own my guilt has mounted
Up to heaven, and in thy sight:
Can I still thy child be counted?
Ah, do not forsake me quite!
Not according to thy terrors,
Judge, O Lord! thy servant's errors.

Be thy Spirit my assistance,
With its conquering sign unfurled;
Help me make a firm resistance
To the evil in the world.
Let me no more stray or falter,
As I compass, Lord, thine altar.

N. L. F.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

"What knowledge is of most worth?" To answer this question, Mr. Herbert Spencer devotes an article to the "Westminster Review," which, re-appearing in this country as the opening chapter of a book entitled "Education," revised by himself for the press of Messrs. Appleton & Co., has been, we may hope, generally read; and his emphatic decision now as generally known, that, "whether for intellectual, moral, or religious training, the most efficacious study is science;" that, "for discipline as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value." We accept Mr. Spencer's dictum in the true sense and meaning of science, that it is the process of discovery, the unfolding of "what is" in every department of all creation, in physics and metaphysics, in soul and body of all the universe. Its statements are the nomenclature of facts, as the human mind, from time to time, reaches them. Fallible its work is, and to be proven. What region is there, then, not included in scientific observation? And why are science and religion, as spoken of in the world, held as antagonistic? We say, simply, because of the irreligion of many scientific men who are outside of the Church, not so much because they are scientific, as because they are irreligious; and of the irreligion of religionists who are inside the Church, not so much because they are religious, as because they are ignorant of their irreligion.

The questions these considerations suggest, involve broadly and deeply the life of the Church; and, inasmuch as she holds the soul in and to religion, include all human progress and welfare. In what value and use the Church holds the Bible, needs not be told. Of what value and use it is to the individual soul, each may know, though scarcely could each tell. But the Bible is one thing, and the knowledge of it another. Truly, he who runs may read of its spirit, just as the sweet influences of nature cannot be escaped; but there needs no witness to testify to how much higher knowledge of

God, of his works and ways and will, we may attain by a wiser and truer understanding of nature and the Bible. In the knowledge, then, that is of worth, is the knowledge of the Bible to be included? Is the study of it to be encouraged or discouraged? Is the Bible of interest enough to warrant research, and a scientific treatment, in the high sense of seeking out facts and deducing truths? Shall the results of its study be confined to the clergy, as good for them only; or given to the laity, those within the nominal Church, as good for them also? Or shall its studies be made by, and confined to, those outside the Church's pale, as only fit for them? We suppose the Protestant Church has fully indorsed and supported the view, that the Bible is not dangerous, but is good to be put into the hands of the masses. Witness the sorrow and holy horror of the home and foreign missionary, who finds a district or a house without a Bible; and the painstaking to translate and distribute it to every tongue and nation, for every palace and hut! Is the Romish Church right or wrong to withhold it from the people? Or is it meant by Protestants, that the Bible is good only as it is not understood? "Suppose," says Mr. Spencer, "a writer were daily saluted with praises couched in superlative language; suppose the wisdom, the grandeur, the beauty of his works, were the constant topics of the eulogies addressed to him; suppose those who unceasingly attend these eulogies on his works were content with looking at the outsides of them, and had never opened them, much less tried to understand them, - what value should we put upon their praises? What should we think of their sincerity?" Will the Bible, the Book of books, have less power to sway the moral and spiritual nature, if it be as fully and fairly understood as it may? To comprehend that sway we do not expect. To us now, it is the supernatural, the unknowable. Should we the less, if we were fully acquainted with that wonderful, God-preserved history of God's inspirations in men, searched out under the strictest scientific scrutiny, scrutiny of its material form and immaterial force, - should we any the less, standing at the limits of our human intelligence, bow down before the solemn, awful mystery of the

veiled Sheckinah, the Presence there, felt but not seen, shining, piercing, streaming through the narrow wickets of human intuitions?

Why, then, is biblical criticism so churlishly received by the Church at large? The world outside is more hospitable. more just; and it is in the house of its friends, that religion, through its God-given ally and interpreter, the Bible, is wounded. Why are the results of its study so arrogantly and empirically treated as to make the criticisms upon the critics almost unworthy of philosophical and religious consideration? It is true there are errors: false theories, false deductions from right theories, "offensive crudities," there may and must be; but are there not the same in any and all departments of human research? Dogmatic assertions also; but they are not the growth of the nineteenth century alone. Nor could it be otherwise in the face of Christian theology, since the third century, that the biblical criticism of the present time should be, as one of the first and best scholars among the clergy confesses and somewhat deplores, "disproportionately negative." Yet he is not disgusted with it, and says, "I cannot regret the critical labors of the most radical theologian." Radical or conservative, liberal or evangelical in theology, the work upon the Bible, of the man, who, in his day and generation, does it in the fear of God, should not come up as "stench in the nostrils" to any of its friends. And we may repeat what the liberal theologian and generous man above referred to has said: "it may be questioned, whether our Lord regards with greater complacency the zeal which would limit truth and mercy, or the thoughtful inquiry which seeks the truth by aid of the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

We have no wish to disguise that our remarks have been immediately suggested by what seemed to us an ungenerous notice in the "Religious Magazine" of September, of Mr. Sawyer's "Gospel of Mark," lately published by Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., who have thus proved an enlightened view of duty in their position. The pope and Louis Napoléon may wield an "Index Expurgatorius;" but we, in this coun-

try, may safely leave its making to general convictions. The eleven thousand clergy of England, protesting against the enlightenment that *could* not persecute for opinion's sake, do not undermine the "Court of Arches," nor sink the "Essays and Reviews." The Bishop of Cape-Town and all the clergy of his African diocese, though it secede from the English Church, cannot, by escaping the ministry of Bishop Colenso, escape his mathematics. Is the question, indeed, the mathematics or their Bible? Then we say, better mathematics that cannot lie than any thing of which we cannot say, "it does not lie."

It is fair that Bishop Colenso, and Monsieur Renan, with Mr. Sawyer and other scholars, great or small should be criticised. We are disposed to do that with severity. But it is not fair, is not Christian, that an honest historian or critic should be assailed with the vituperative abuse which Dr. Mahan, in this country, pours out on Bishop Colenso; with which the Romish and Evangelical clergy meet Monsieur Renan, as the countless French pamphlets testify; or as the writer in the "Religious Magazine" treats Mr. Sawyer, his book, and his publishers.

In closing, we may well ask, Do the clergy realize the wide-spread ignorance, the entire wrong understanding, of the Bible among the people at large? Do they know how it is presented in their Sunday schools, and how little their teachers are taught concerning it? How many teachers, in our "liberal" denomination, and in the narrow sphere of our own contributions to biblical criticism, accept the aid of the valuable, or rather invaluable, books of Dr. Noyes; of Mr. Norton's studies in Christianity and its Records; of Dr. Palfrey's researches in Hebrew History and Archæology; of Dr. Furness's tracings of the Life of Jesus, — all of which, doubtless, would now receive from their authors great change and modification, if republished.

Certainly the spiritual power and influence of the Bible is to be sought, and we cannot doubt intended by God to be found, in a true and not a false understanding of it. It has been said that "religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis." If we would have

the Bible a help and support to our religious nature, — to the souls within us, we must hold it no longer under the old, blind, empirical treatment. It rests with the Church. The upheaval of the religious thought, of the whole thought, of the world, shows that the old bonds of the Church, as of all other institutions, must break, and she must fall asunder, unless she cohere by inherent force, be girt about and supported by the perfect law of liberty; unless she will let live in her that pure theism with Jesus Christ its revealer, and not without him and outside of the Church, where only, Miss Cobbe, in her "Broken Lights" of such sad, sweet, tender shining, tells us, she has been able to find and place it. In the Church of his Son, God meant pure religion should be, and that there our souls should find him, more surely and nearly than in all creation beside. The Church is the historical, human expression and body of religion, changing and growing with the generations of men. Will she accept her place in the God-directed procession of events, through the infinite spaces of creation? Will she move, with this small planet, a speck on its surface, receiving equally with earth and sky, with all the races of immortal men and the brutes that perish, the great organic changes and growths of time's vast cycles? Will she bear earth's little years of winter cold and summer heat, rising and falling in vernal or autumnal equinox, as obediently these move on the eternal, loving will and purpose of God in his physical and spiritual universe?

The Jews, in putting Christ to death to declare their rejection of him as Messiah, furnished the most complete proofs of his Messiahship.

And, in continuing to disavow him, they have rendered themselves unimpeachable witnesses.

In killing him, in fact, and in persisting in denying him, they have fulfilled the prophecies. — Pascal.

I HAVE no toleration for those whom I see living so negligently in the faith, and so greatly abusing a privilege of which I think I should make a use so different. — Pascal.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A SERMON BY A. P. PEABODY.*

John xxi. 18: "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not."

THE contrast here drawn by our Saviour, between Peter's then intensely active life and the imprisonment and bonds from which in his latter years he was released only by death, always exists between the moral condition of youth and that of age. Youth forges chains for its own aged limbs. Youth forms habits; age is governed by them. Youth marks out courses; age pursues them. Youth gets a headway, under which age is hurried on, with little ability, and generally less desire, to check it. The choice of youth is the necessity of age. The work of youth determines the destiny of age. The rewarding or avenging angel follows the youth, overtakes the old man.

There is in life a period after which essential change in character is not to be expected, while there is still a tendency to growth in the traits already developed. After that period vices seem irreclaimable, passions incorrigible, prejudices indelible. Even grief loses its remedial power, and sins abjured to-day may be renewed to-morrow.

After that period, too, virtue is impregnable. Temptation has worn itself out. The good man's habits of body, mind, and heart, have become inseparable elements of his nature, are mutually assimilated, and are built up into a well-compacted fabric, with the rock-foundation of steadfast principle. The energy of the will may indeed decline; but its direction is fixed by the precedents of a lifetime. The force of self-control may be diminished; but the accumulated forces of the past, like a strong breeze setting heavenward, bear the spirit rapidly on. The nervous oar-arm that breasted with vigorous stroke the current of temptation may be enfeebled;

Preached in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, on the 3d of July, 1864;
 being the Sunday after the decease of Hon. Josiah Quincy.

but the sail replaces the oar, and wind and current now conspire to speed the life-voyage toward its chosen port.

If what I have said be true, it is to the young especially that we ought to preach about old age. Few of you, my young friends, may have long life upon the earth; but all of you hope and expect it, and those of you who are to realize this expectation are now determining the complexion and destiny of your latter years. Half a century hence, those of you who shall then be living will verify, in happy or sad experience, the words that I utter to-day.

Let me ask you, therefore, to consider seriously with me some of the early habits which will insure to you such an

old age as you would crave and welcome.

1. Among the traits of early character that have the richest promise for the latter years is filial piety. A right position in the native home, constancy and fidelity there, loyalty in that first relation in which Providence places the human being, engenders a conscientious and dutiful habit in all subsequent relations, whether to individuals or to the community. Moreover, submission and obedience are our life-work. "When father and mother forsake us," as we approach years of maturity, and are no longer amenable to domestic discipline, "the Lord takes us up;" and it is precisely the early home-virtues that we need to make us loving and obedient as His children. These same virtues are, also, what the State, standing toward us in many aspects in the place of a parent, demands and needs of us.

2. A more comprehensive habit, including this and much beside, which has a most momentous bearing on the happiness of old age, is that of conscientious living. This must be acquired in youth, if at all. In saying this, I measure my words, and mean all that I say. I forget not the undoubted instances of late repentance and reformation. But in such cases the life comes up very slowly, and at best but imperfectly, to its ideal. There remains an obtuseness of perception as to many matters of duty, and there is almost never a keen moral sensitiveness as to the minute details of the daily conduct. The habit of acting under the dictates

of convenience, interest, or transient impulse, is liable to be early formed; and if it be, it will more or less cling to us through life, — if fought against on great emergencies, resuming its sway in little things, — if resisted when we are on our guard, surprising us into wrong-doing, or the omission of right-doing, the moment we are off our guard. On the other hand, the habit of asking and answering the question of duty on all occasions, of bringing the transactions of daily life to the test of principle, may be so formed in early youth, that in coming years it shall be as natural and spontaneous to ask what is right as it is to exercise the power of choice.

Now, what is there that can be of such worth to the aged as the remembrance of a conscientious life? The thoughts, in declining years, are inevitably forced back. If there have been wrong and evil, their spectres haunt the repose and distract the joy of the most prosperous condition, and barb with venom every arrow of adversity. But he who can look back on a long life of duty has a source of happiness which the necessity of his years keeps always open to him. As, whether he so will or not, past scenes recur to his recollection, he recalls them, not with shame and self-reproach, but as successive stages on the path which has been brightening as he has advanced, till now it draws near its consummation in the perfect day of heaven.

3. Early devotional habits are, also, an essential part of the provision for old age. By devotional habits, I mean, not only enough of religious principle to be the guide of life, but enough of religious feeling to be the joy of life. The remembrance of a virtuous course will, indeed, ward off misery from the latter years; but it may not of itself revive the languor of inactivity, or people and gladden the felt solitude of one whose coevals have almost all passed away. To a certain degree, the most favored old age is solitary. New friends, younger kindred, however dear, revolve as in an outer orbit; and, of the old and familiar faces, many more are among the dead than among the living. Then, too, in the withdrawal from active life, and the contraction of the horizon of earthly hope, one needs to have before him the

limitless expanse opened by the hope that is full of immortality. Devotion peoples the loneliness, imparts a felt companionship with heaven, brings back the departed within the sphere of conscious communion, keeps hope vivid and active, and merges all thought of the waning of earthly joy in the assurance of life incorruptible and eternal.

My subject has been suggested by the recent decease of our oldest graduate and ex-President, whose honorable age has been but the ripened fruitage of his youth and prime. His example may well be cited, to add weight to the counsels which I have now given.

His father, who held a prominent place among the patriots of our Revolutionary epoch, died in his infancy; but his relation to his surviving parent was that, not only of tender reverence, but of deferential regard to her opinions and preferences, even when he had already become a recognized leader of thought and action among men; while loyalty to the memory and emulation of the spotless fame of the father so early taken from him, were lifelong motives to honorable endeavor, as fresh and vivid in his latter years as when he started on his career.

Few men can have sustained so various and arduous trusts as he, and in them all have been so rigidly conscientious, so entirely free from the charge of self-seeking or of interested motives.

For the many years of his service in the National and State Legislatures he was oftener in the opposition than with the majority, and always firm and persistent in maintaining his convictions of right, frequently under a storm of abuse and obloquy, sometimes almost alone in the profession of principles or the advocacy of measures repudiated by all who had the remotest view to the popular favor, never more strenuous than when the tide set the most vehemently against him.

In a brief term of judicial office, he distinguished himself by ruling, in contradiction of all precedents, that the publication of the truth, with a good intention and for a justifiable purpose, is not libellous,— a principle which, because it was opposed to the traditional doctrines of the courts, no previous judge had possessed the courage to maintain, but which is now distinctly recognized as a maxim of English and American law.

As the chief magistrate of his native city, by his vigorous and independent administration, he laid the foundation of many of the most beneficent public works and institutions, swept away nuisances to the public morals with which a less intrepid man would not have dared to meddle, and left memorials of his reformatory and executive ability which will keep his memory green for centuries to come. He failed of re-election for the fifth time, in consequence of his stringency and persistency in certain needed measures of reform, in which he was sustained by the intelligent friends of good order, but not by the majority of voters.

The University availed itself at once of the city's bereavement. The defeated ex-mayor was elected to the presidency of Harvard College, after the genial and paternal administration of that man of the beatitudes, Dr. Kirkland, - at a time when the material interests of the institution needed in its presiding officer peculiar financial and executive ability. his organizing capacity, unvielding resolution, and indefatigable industry, we are indebted - to a larger degree than any but those who were conversant with the college under his predecessor can easily imagine — for the introduction of a rigidly systematic administration into all departments. A looser and less stringent method was, indeed, attended by few evils, and perhaps by some benefits, when the number of academic students was comparatively small, and there were hardly a score of resident graduates in the two infant and skeleton professional schools, while the professors were men of long experience and of great weight of personal character; but it would have become anarchical and intolerable as the college, while nearly doubling its list of undergraduates, expanded into the full proportions of a university. Such labors as Mr. Quincy's alone have made it possible for his successors at once to superintend the now thoroughly matured system of administration, and to enter with patient assiduity into the

numerous details in which personal intercourse and influence are the student's need and the President's privilege.

Nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Quincy retired from official and public life, — yet not from public duty; for, in all important crises in the affairs of the city, state, and nation, his voice has been heard, and his influence profoundly felt, especially in every question and interest involving, or involved in, the great issue between slavery and freedom. Ardently patriotic, hopeful when few have had the heart to hope, he has watched the present conflict with unwavering confidence in the result, and with the often uttered belief, that only by straitness, sacrifice, and suffering, could our people learn how blessed had been their lot, and know, in time to come, how to prize and use the institutions redeemed, and the universal freedom purchased, at such a fearful cost.

Meanwhile, he has not relaxed his industry. His pen has never been laid aside, nor has its stroke lost, either physically or mentally, aught of its clearness, precision, and vigor. His latest letters show the "wonted fires," not living in their ashes, but glowing with unabated fervor. On the verge of fourscore and ten, he wrote his Life of John Quincy Adams, in a style which bears not a single trait of senility, and which leaves the author's age to be inferred only from a vividness of delineation and narrative which could not be expected but from a coeval of the venerable statesman and a participator in the events recorded. To the last year, and, I suppose, to the very last day of his life, he has continued to be a worker, devoting to books that needed close attention, and to the still unremitted labor of the pen, more hours a day than the majority of young men think it safe to give to intellectual labor.

Nor has his power of social communication and influence been essentially impaired by his advanced age. Indeed, there seemed to be an enhanced capacity of free and unimpeded utterance, both on public occasions and in private intercourse. Here, perhaps, we might discern the only emphatic symptom of diminished vigor. In his earlier days there was a frequent hesitancy, sometimes an entire loss of the power of speech, from the very intensity and tumult of thought and emotion, as wreathen torrents from opposite directions choke each other, and by the fierceness of their embrace are paralyzed on their passage seaward; while, when sentiment and feeling moved more languidly, they found an unimpeded expression.

His old age, surrounded by loving kindred, devoted friends, and all the comforts of an affluent condition, could not have been what it has been both in vigor and in beauty, had it not been pervaded by religious faith and principle, early formed and of lifelong growth. He felt his loneliness, though no old man ever had less cause to feel it. He often referred to his position as sole survivor of those who had entered life at his side. But he felt, too, his affinity to the family in heaven, and looked forward with unflickering confidence to the family meeting there. He deemed himself the happiest of men; and from no other lips have I ever heard so fervent expressions of thankfulness to a benignant Providence as he was wont to utter. I can never forget the deep emotion with which I heard him repeat, one day, as he walked in his grounds, leaning on my arm, with tears of gratitude absolutely raining down his cheeks, those stanzas of Addison, commencing, -

"When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

He neither desired nor feared death. He said that it seemed to him like going from one room of his house to another, or like leaving one circle of dear friends to join another. He was happy here, and he knew that he should be happy wherever God might appoint him a dwelling-place.

His decline was gentle, and by almost imperceptible degrees. The silver cord was softly loosed, not cut; the golden bowl crumbled, not rudely broken, at the fountain. We are thankful that he lived so long,—thankful that so rich a life-record has been closed without a sad appendix of dotage and decay.

While the venerable forms that have connected us with earlier generations pass from our sight, may all that was excellent in the fathers be embalmed in the reverent memory, and reproduced in the lives, of the children!

HARPS OF THE HEART.

A DREAM of sweet music I had:
An angel, with fingers of fire,
Made slumber deliciously glad
By sweeping the strings of his lyre.
"What harp is so sweet, sir?" I cried:
"My harp is the heart," he replied.

"I would that my heart-strings were such,
To render responses like these,
Awakened by tenderest touch,
Or fanned by a fluttering breeze!"
"They shall be " he said; and he pressed

"They shall be," he said; and he pressed His hand on the keys of my breast.

Oh! joyous the music, I found,
While heavenly influence played,
Evoking a beauty of sound;
And thought in me melody made.
But, ah! the rude world on the key
Smote music of anguish in me!

My soul was so sensitive grown,
And keen to the quick, every smart
Sad minors of tenderest tone
Wrung out from the strings of my heart!
"Alas!" said the angel, "wilt thou
Choose rather the callous heart now?"

"Not so!" I responded; "for then
The beautiful music were lost!
I'll bear, but, to hear it again,
The pain I must pay as the cost,—
Till joining the heavenly choir,
Where sin never jangles the lyre!"

R. F. F.

A DAY AMONG THE STATUES.

(Concluded.)

No man fails to observe the statue of Diogenes, representing him as naked, with a long staff in one hand, and a cup in the other, and having a dog at his side. The head stuck down between the shoulders, the brain indicative of nothing noble, the face stamped with shrewdness, cunning, obstinacy, and conceit, are all quite in keeping with what history says of this snarling philosopher. How fitly Raphael has disposed of him in the school of Athens! for, while Plato and Aristotle are walking in majesty beneath the grand arches, Diogenes lies sprawling on the steps, with no one near him, or giving him the notice of a look; an intimation of the just fate of those whose mission it is to berate.

His master, Antisthenes, with his shaggy beard, and uncombed hair, and pinched-up face, and wrinkled eyebrows, and sharp-pointed nose, and misanthropic expression, looks worthy to be the founder of the Cynic or Dog school; which word Visconti thinks was at first given from the spot in Athens where Antisthenes usually taught. It was near the Temple of Hercules, at a place called the White Dog. The biting and barking temper of his followers perpetuated, if it did not suggest, the term.

These men were the habitual scolders of Athens. We must not think that we are the first to reap the advantages of such a class. The ancient world was not so benighted as we sometimes imagine. The order of Διαβολοι then existed; nor is it strange that we see on their faces that same contemptuous malignity which is still clearly discerned in conventicles of this sort of persons.

The statues of the two rival orators, Demosthenes and Æschines, offer a most interesting study. The features of the former are well known from many statues inscribed with his name; as also from a fine metallic bust, likewise bearing his name, found at Herculaneum. Demosthenes was not a

handsome man; and one would infer from his looks that he was fussy and irritable. Nature gave him a pinched-up look, such as is oftentimes accompanied with a sharp, whining voice.

In all this, Æschines was a contrast. To a full-rounded, pleasing muscular development, seen at once in his statue, was added, as Grote says, a magnificent voice; and an air of easy self-possession, of equanimity and dignity, is at once perceived. No one can doubt on which party the bitter invectives which these two rivals hurled against each other would produce the greater effect; and equally evident is it that this physical contrast must have formed no small part of the interest of their encounter.

Of scarcely less value is the statue of Isocrates, whose finely shaped head, open face, speaking eye, and gracious smile, well represent our modern idea of manly beauty. History tells us that he was the son of a flute-maker; that he inherited a large fortune, applied himself to philosophy and oratory, wrote elegant orations, and had an ambition to excel in public speaking; and, when it adds that he never had the courage to face an audience, how credible the fact seems, as we observe the extreme delicacy of his features, and the timid sensibility apparent in his face! His voice was weak; and one would suspect that it must have been almost feminine in a man of his make.

In one of the private palaces of Rome, there is a small marble statue, with the curly hair and thick lips of the African. It has the name of Epaphroditus upon it. He was a black man, a slave,—the property of a Roman prefect. He had an inextinguishable thirst for learning; and his master encouraged his studies, made him tutor of his son, and finally gave him his freedom. He lived in Rome in an honored position, and gathered a library of thirty thousand select works,—a most extraordinary collection for that day,—which reflected great honor upon his judgment and taste, and of which he gave proof of good use by commentaries on Homer and Pindar, and by other works of good letters.

Nothing from his pen has come down to us; but Visconti

says, that writers, contemporary and subsequent, give us to understand in what high esteem he was held. There is nothing to be noted in the statue except the unmistakable features of the negro; but, in view of the public events of our day, the above-named facts are recalled with much interest as we look upon this bust.

Of the statues of distinguished Romans, there are not many that awaken more interest than that of Julius Cæsar. But, unfortunately, statues of him are few in number, and are quite unlike each other in looks. Indeed, it seems generally admitted that the statue in the Capitol is the only one which gives us a correct idea of his person. This is far from having the open and frank expression which one would expect to find. But one thing is very noticeable, — the absence of that coarse animalism which marked the faces and heads of most of the emperors.

In comparing this statue with a highly prized bust of Cæsar at Florence, one sees, in both, the long face, the high forehead, slightly wrinkled over the eyebrows, the lengthened and expressive mouth, and the marks of character and thoughtful refinement. It is a matter of regret, that, while we have the likenesses of so many of whom we care but little, the features and looks of the great conqueror of the world are no better known.

The transition is natural to the statue of Pompey, at the base of which "great Cæsar fell." Some have doubted whether the statue now shown as such be entitled to this distinction. But Visconti believes that its identity is well established. It is of Parian marble, nine feet high; has a beardless, stern, but tranquil face, much more beautiful in profile than in front. It grasps in the hollow of its left hand a globe; and the right originally upheld a spear. Found beneath the partition-wall of two houses, the head on one side and the feet on the other, the proprietors disputed who should have it, and went to law. The judge was puzzled; and while meditating some compromise, after the famous decision of Solomon, the pope, Julius III., heard of the case, and fortunately purchased the object of their strife.

One of the handsomest Roman heads is that of Scipio Africanus. He is always represented with his head completely shaven; and the honorable scar over the left eye, from a wound received in saving the life of his father, is uniformly indicated. The bronze image of him found at Herculaneum also shows the cicatrix in the form of a letter X.

The bust of Brutus represents him as a young man twentyfive or thirty years of age. Fifteen years younger than Cæsar, who fell at the age of fifty-two, Brutus, of course, was then but thirty-seven. His thin flesh, his beardless face, his low forehead covered with hair, are at once noticed: he had a finely formed mouth and chin; and there is much in the expression of the face to remind one of what Cæsar said of him, - "Quidquid vult, valde vult."

As for Nero, Vespasian, Caligula, Caracalla, their histories may be read in their statues. In the series of emperors, one head always receives prolonged attention: it is that of Antoninus Pius. No one can pass it without being impressed by the marks of culture and refinement, of gentle and reflective wisdom, in that "amiable prince," as Gibbon calls him, "who, for twenty-three years, directed the affairs of Italy." It is one of those heads which make us feel that deep and divine thoughts must have moulded the man.

When we meet spiritual and refined features, we sometimes fancy that they belong to those who had a more fortunate lot than ours: perhaps we wish we had those better outward circumstances which have formed so much purity and beauty. But it is not the outward condition that has formed these. Perhaps their path has been more rough and rugged than ours; and what but a sweet and gentle motive running through life has stamped such attraction on the person?

We should be glad to notice others of the eighty or ninety statues of those whose features are as authentically known as are those of any celebrated living contemporary. The immense wealth of Rome in these statues is in striking contrast with the poverty of her common people; and often must one have a feeling like that which once suggested a well-known pasquinade. In a time of famine, some of the most valuable

statues were found, one morning, bearing papers addressed to the pope, and quoting, in Italian, a part of the third verse of the fourth chapter of Matthew, Di' che queste pietre divengano pani, — "Command that these stones be made bread."

The moral effect of statuary is too great a subject to be even alluded to in these closing lines. The present debasement of the people where statuary abounds would of course be just as good an argument against Christianity as against statuary. They are debased in spite of their best helps; and no one can know how much lower they might have fallen but for remembrance of those renowned ancestors whose spirits still "rule from their sceptred urns."

We live so near the discovery of printing, that we have not yet recovered from exaggerated impressions of the importance of a book, and consequently overlook the education that comes directly from objects that speak to the eye. This was the sole education in ancient times; and no one can read of the feelings with which Athenian youth went up by the Propylæ to the Parthenon, or passed through the Ceramicus to the Academy, without a conviction that there is a source of impression to which we have unwisely made but little appeal.

Of the statue of Jupiter Olympus, by Phidias, Quintilian said that it seemed to have added something to the public religion; and probably it produced this effect more quickly and powerfully than would now, with us, the publication of the most eloquent theological treatise. To lift up the aspirations and aims of our people, how many more of those objects we need which directly impress the soul through the eye! Who can measure the influence they would exert in our gardens, squares, and seats of learning? What benefactor of Harvard College could do a better thing than to commission a good artist to give to that institution copies of the busts of the grand philosophers, statesmen, and heroes of antiquity?

BY THE SEA.

O thou blue Ocean! on thy breast You bark at anchor lies, By the soft, summer winds caressed, And arched by cloudless skies.

But, far away, beyond this tide
Slow beating on the shore,
Where the great ships untrammelled ride,
And the long billows roar,—

Out on the great, wild, heaving deep, There riots many a storm; And the fierce waters swell and sweep O'er hearts once beating warm.

O thou blue Ocean! who might guess, Watching, as I do now, Each sunny wave whose light caress Floats round that graceful prow,—

That such dark secrets slept beneath
These ripples flecked with gold;
That such wild tales of wreck and death
Thy surges might unfold?

So once, a happy little child, On Life's calm brink I lay, Caressed and mocked and hope-beguiled By ripples light as they.

Alas! how little then I thought
Of stormy seas afar,
Where the wild skies are tempest-fraught,
And the wild billows war!

O wrecks of Hope and Trust and Love!
That sleep Life's waves below,
Where the dark seas have closed above,
And left no trace of woe,—

Come from the caverns where ye lie, For Faith itself grows wild; Bring back to me the sunny sky, That spanned me when a child!

Bring back the faith, the hope, the glee,
That blessed those days of yore;
Bring back the heart of youth to me;
Make me a child once more!

In vain! thou blue insensate Sea!

Thy dead shall rise at last;
But what loud trump shall wake for me
The hopes of that dear Past?

In vain?—my faithless heart! not so;
For, surely as the sea
Must yield its treasures from below,
Shall youth come back to thee!

And every trust and every hope,
Long buried, shall arise,
And greet me 'neath the boundless cope
Of heaven's unshadowed skies!

C. A. N.

FITCHBURG, Mass.

It is self that kills the spirit within. Alike upon the least occasions and the greatest, it is fatal to the effective and graceful action of our nature. It darkens the eye, impedes our speech, and palsies the hand. It puts all power and dignity beyond our reach. When a man forgets himself, the appearance he is making, all things are at his command; and the highest regains possession of him. Self it is that chains us heavily. When we forget that, the wings of the soul expand instantly; and we rise, and join the morning stars, and sing with all the sons of God for joy.—Furness's Veil partly lifted.

"This dog is mine," you hear poor children say. "That is my place in the sunshine:" there is the commencement and type of usurpation throughout the world. — Pascal.

CATHOLICITY.

THE phrase which we have chosen to denominate our subject has been appropriated by an ancient church-organization; and, if we believed that Church to have made their own the reality as well as the name, we would not infringe their right. But there is a larceny of words, by which the name is wrongfully taken, and, forged to some reality of an opposite character, thus made to falsely simulate what is good. Such a trespass upon language confers no monopoly of privilege that ought to be recognized, however chronic the abuse; and no subject should thus be deprived of its proper name.

Religion ought to be catholic,—pervasive as the atmosphere, or all-permeating ether. To secure this result, Rome, with the keys of St. Peter, locks up heresy, which, in its etymology, signifies division or distraction of opinion; Protestantism breaks from the keep, and defies the beast upon the seven hills. But this liberty will not avail, unless by it we

attain true catholicity.

We do not direct attention, in this connection, to that oneness of sentiment which unites Christians to the Master and to each other. We have in view, at this time, the leavening of the whole human nature by Christian principles.

Nothing is so remarkable, and at the same time so common, as the habitual insulation of religion. It is shut up to times or days, or portions of character. Its expansive and growing nature is cramped and constrained.

We have every sort of specimen of this insulation in its different varieties.

Here is a religious man in times and seasons. He is religious on the sabbath, and in the hour of conference or prayer; that is to say, at these periods he wears an aspect of solemnity, and sometimes, perhaps usually, turns his thoughts into religious channels. He manifests fervor; and in some cases, no doubt, he really feels it. But, if you do not see him at such a time, you take no knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus: there is nothing in his demeanor or conduct or

tone or temper or practice to show that he is not of the world. His religion is not catholic in respect of time. Nor is he in his secular walk merely anointing his head with Christian cheerfulness, that he appear not unto men to fast. That precept requires us, indeed, to veil in holy retirement the secret communion with God whence well up the Christian charities in life; but it is to be construed with the other scripture which requires us to let our light shine before men to evidence our Christian profession.

A very common insulation of religion restricts it to the incipient stage. There is great anxiety that men should start right, and very little that they should go on after they have crossed the boundary between Christ and the world. While most of the world are in the way to death, conversion must be the chief burden of prayer, and end of Christian labor. But this insulation which we complain of restricts the work of grace to its very first-fruits. Conversion is the ultimate of this religion; and, when there is no revival interest, there is no interest at all. No wonder, then, that Christians backslide, that they become cold, and shiver in the absence of their first love. The morning alone is to them the day; and, as the sun travels west, they go east in pursuit of the first love; or they stand with their backs to the face of day, and turn their souls to shadow. Their religion is good so far as it seeks the all-important end of gathering into the fold of Christ; but it is incomplete, inasmuch as it neglects the food needful for those in the fold. Not only are they not themselves growing Christians, but they are disqualified, by their stunted Christianity, from effectually extending the invitations of the gospel to those who are without. The very vocabulary of these Christians, in their religious exercises and exhortations, is rather a remembrance of past experience than an exhibition of growth in grace.

Religion sometimes has no control over the moral character, or only an intermittent influence. Preachers are at great pains to prove that morality does not save a man. Perfect morality covering the whole life would save a man under the first covenant. But, as all have forfeited that covenant, there

cannot be salvation, except by the dispensation of grace under the second covenant. Here faith in Christ, that is, belief coupled with love, saves from sin, without reference to works. except as the outflow manifesting the inward motive. Yet the state of the heart made pure by Christ is the inward morality or virtue which saves the Christian; and we think the apparent depreciation of works by the preacher may lead to undervaluing morality. The Christian is saved by being made righteous; and, if he continue unrighteous, his salvation is incomplete if not entirely frustrated. Religion ought to leaven the moral character. How can it be other than most questionable, if it fail to do so? And yet there are Christians whose business dealings do not square with the requirements of even Heathen morality, to say nothing of the purer and higher standard of Christ. We find them to perform actions of a character so questionable as to raise a painful doubt whether the agent have any Christianity at all. want of catholicity, too, has a most pernicious influence upon the world about us. "What! he a Christian! his word cannot be trusted; he overreached me in a bargain; he has not been so neighborly and kind to me in sickness as my nonprofessing neighbor." The inference the world draws is against the religion which fails to exercise an ennobling influence upon the life. Vain is it for the preacher's tongue to recommend religion, when the hands of church-members scandalize it.

In the intellect, the want of religious catholicity is equally marked. Often it moulds only a portion of the faculties. These in their action conform to religion; but other faculties seem wholly unconverted. Out of a certain range of topics, no trace of the religious leaven appears. Calculation is as hard, unfeeling, and selfish as ever. Controversy is as proud, malignant, and bitter, as in the most heathenish schools of Thus the lodgement effected by religion in the mind is restricted within narrow limits; a good deal as when a besieging foe has got a footing on the ramparts where he holds his own, but cannot advance farther in the conquest. Worldliness and vanity of thought, so often disgracing religious professors, proceed from this want of catholicity in the partial conversion of the mind. Sectarian quarrels and clamors of controversy proceed from the power of Satan in the mind, dividing the tongues. The host, sprung from the stones of Deucalion, fell to fighting among themselves, and so were destroyed. From the unconverted mind springs up this same fatal internecine Christian strife. What! is Christ divided? Do his members strive at cross purposes? Is the divinely imparted Christian strength, which ought to evangelize the world, spent in neutralizing itself and in self-destruction? Oh, would that love might sanctify the faculties!

God's religion is a catholic religion. It is the whole or none. Neither means nor mind nor morals must be kept back. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead because they dedicated all, and secretly abstracted a part. The Christian must be a whole Christian, or he will be beaten with more stripes than if he were no Christian. It is true such guilty and fatal withholding as ruined Ananias and Sapphira, and will destroy any Christian, has the element of wilfulness. It is matter of congratulation, in our survey of the visible Church, that the want of catholicity is not intentional. Yet it ought to be carefully kept in mind that neglect may render it voluntary. It is not enough for the Christian not to wilfully lack catholicity: he must will to be catholic; he must pray the Searcher of hearts to reveal to him his defects; he must earnestly seek to extend his religion through all his action, all his affection, and all his thought.

And now to understand this sanctifying of the thought. It will not weaken, but invigorate; it will not sadden, but cheer; it will not diminish, but enlarge. The religious intellect is the more inquisitive, the more daring, the more ingenious, while it has God in all the thoughts. The religious morality has all the spontaneity of Christian liberty, while it delights in the law of God. A mighty principle is imparted, impelling to every virtue, every charity, and all rectitude,—the love of Christ constraining us.

Another instance of want of catholicity is found in the general yielding of the Church to the exclusion of religion from politics. When the preacher has undertaken the function of

every Israelitish prophet in reproving national wrong, the cry is set up that this is forbidden ground, out of God's jurisdiction, and the preacher has nothing to do with it. That the powers of darkness should thus clamor, as if summoned to judgment before their time, like the unclean spirits ejected by the Saviour, is not astonishing. But that the Church should yield, and even join in the ban against political preaching, is a mournful proof of spiritual blindness, at least on one side, and of the want of catholicity of which we are speaking.

Again: this want of catholicity causes blindness to God in those manifestations of his perfections which constitute beauty. This excellence is many-sided. It smiles to us in the lovely landscape: it makes the sweetness of melody, and the harmony of order, proportion, and arrangement; the grace of motion, and the eloquence of form. Its seal divine on the human faculties makes genius, which originates or copies in the enchantments of art. Now, the idea that religion has to do with this is so little understood, that it would provoke a smile or sneer to insist on it. Consequently, this dome of beauty, this temple of loveliness, is left to the desecration of wickedness. Music is made the spoil of the siren, because religion neglected to guard it. Sculpture becomes the pander of idolatry; painting, the handmaid of superstition, of false pleasure, because religion permitted the usurpation of sin. True catholicity will reconquer this domain, wrest it from sin, and re-occupy it with God.

The same is true of literature. Religion, in lack of catholicity, has failed to enter upon and enjoy its heritage of intellect. Its votaries have sometimes denounced the intellect as atheistic, while intellect has sneered at religion as superstition. Men, admiring intellect, and supposing it inconsistent with religion, are led away from real and spiritual truth. But when religion takes possession of her own, when she appears as the wisdom of God arrayed in the glory of knowledge and intelligence, then it is seen that intellect can never be genuine and healthful, powerful and beautiful, except it be religious. Irreverent intellect is seen to be knowledge

run mad.

In this culpable lack of catholicity, very much of life is, for the partial Christian, emptied of God; or, more properly speaking, God is unrecognized in many spheres of his manifestation. Yet all these departments are so linked and related to each other, that one or more, divorced from its connection, can impart but a mutilated religious idea. The emotional Christian, negligent of the practical, however excitable, must be a stranger to the purest and highest religious sentiment. So the Christian who emphasizes right action, to the neglect of devotional exercise and pious meditation, will attain no high standard of moral excellence, even if he be so happy as to avoid the substitution of self-righteousness for that noble beneficence which can only flow from consecrated fountains of cordial affection and aspiration. Again: the Christian who does not behold in beauty God's handiwork divine, giving a charm to nature, and conferring that eloquence on color and sound which are often profanely applied to the perversions of art, - such a Christian suffers an incalculable loss not only of pure and high enjoyment, but also of spiritual culture. The truly catholic Christian is not only "filled with God," but he beholds Him whom he adores and loves supremely, on every hand. His smile greets him on the open face of nature, and in the tender heavens bowed with his presence. Harmony of sound, and symmetry of form in nature and art, sing to his ear of that perfect order and proportion which measures the music of the spheres.

When he sees the perfections of beauty purloined, as it were, and applied to an unholy end, or woven unconsciously into efforts of art, seeking to please rather than to improve, he will desire to rescue and restore the power of art to its proper sphere. Thus Wesley declared that music should not be relinquished to Satan; and to his influence we owe many of the devotional airs which are found so inspiring and consoling to the religious spirit. Pictures we have as yet left to the Romish Church. We dread their influence, lest, while they render conception vivid, they substitute form for spirit. And this is a peril to be carefully avoided: but it is much less in an age of cultivated mind like ours; for the intellect acts as a correction of sense.

Religion, to be successful, must be complete. It must leave no domain of life to the occupation of the enemy, where atheism and falsehood, like the spared Philistines, may hatch mischief, and organize the incursions of evil. The Christian, to conquer the world and come to enjoy his own, must be complete and catholic. Such was the human mirror of divinity. We are apt to fail in catholicity in our view of Christ. One sees him as the benefactor, taking upon himself our infirmities, mingling with the lowly, weeping with the mourner, restoring the sick and the dead. And this is, indeed, a most important and moving view of the Redeemer; and it may be truly said that there can be no Christian faith when this element fails of its proper place. Yet it is only partial, and may lead to self-deception if we go no further. We must follow Jesus to his solitude of divine communion, his nights of prayer, and to beneficence we must add devotion, or our religion will be far from perfect. There are not wanting those who have preached the beneficence of Christ, while, in the entire neglect and denial of spiritual intercourse with God, they suffer their nature to be so darkened as to embrace and publish infidelity.

Nor must we stop with beneficence and piety in the imitation of Christ. We ought to go with him to the garden of Olivet; we ought to sit with him on the banks of Kedron, and listen to its singing waters; we ought to gaze with his eyes on the lily of the field, and behold in it more than the glory of Solomon. Nay, more: we ought to spend forty days with him in the wilderness, that we may attain the victory over

the power of evil, and be girded for our life-work.

We ought to view Christ, too, intellectually. We should study well those dramatic encounters of mind, when he put the Sadducees to silence; when he evaded the snare of tribute; when all his adversaries were ashamed, and durst ask him no more questions; when he confounded them with the inquiry, How the son of David should be his Lord? We ought to sound the depths of that well of water, springing up to everlasting life, which he makes to well up in the souls of those who come to him thirsting for God, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.

In catholicity alone is the Christian safe. If, like Achilles plunged in the bath of Thetis, he have but one heel remaining vulnerable, at that very point the dart of the destroyer may strike. To his Master's service he must devote himself as a whole offering. If any part of the man be kept back, the value of what is offered may be in effect destroyed, and must be very much impaired.

CHRIST THE IMAGE OF GOD.

In what sense can Christ be styled the image of God? Not, of course, by reason of bodily form or resemblance; for at such an idea the mind at once revolts. Only, then, in a moral sense. Christ is the moral image of God. perfections shone forth in him resplendently. The majesty of God was shadowed forth in that miraculous power by which he controlled the laws of nature, and that superhuman wisdom by which he pierced futurity and read men's hearts. With the authority of God, he declared God's will, and unrolled the great mysteries of redeeming love and the conditions of acceptance and salvation. As the representative and messenger of the Most High, whatever he uttered in promise or precept, in warning or denunciation, is as sacred and binding, worthy of the same confidence, and justly deserving the same reverence and regard, as though the finger of God had traced it on the sky, or the voice of God pronounced it audibly in the ear.

It is, however, only to take a very low and partial view of this subject, to behold in Christ a glorious manifestation or the express image of God solely or chiefly by reason of what is outward, — superadded as a divine gift. The miracles of our blessed Lord, and all that was superhuman in him, derive their profoundest interest from the illustrations they furnish of the moral perfections of Him in whose name he came. That benevolence, mercy, melting compassion, boundless and impartial love thus so conspicuously revealed in the Saviour, well entitle him to be called the image of that Allblessed and gracious Being to whom more and more closely

he would lead and bind us. When we see Jesus at the marriage-feast at Cana, how benignantly does God seem to smile on the happiness of affectionate, devoted, and faithful hearts, and on the innocent pleasures and enjoyments of life! When he opens the eyes of the blind, unseals the ears of the deaf, cleanses the wretched leper, answers the parent's prayer for the life of the child, nay, restores to life, and to her arms, the widow's boy, - how do we seem to behold the Great Author of all this wondrous beauty of the heavens and the earth, of all this various music of Nature, in the winds and the ocean, in the storm and in the calm, in the rushing cataract and the rustling forest, in the song of birds and the voice of one's brother man. - of all health and life and joy and blessing! When we stand with him at the grave of Lazarus, and listen to his sublime declaration, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and hear him call forth with effect the dead, - how truly does he seem the image of God, while thus ministering to the heart's heaviest sorrow, delivering from the power of death, and making the most fearful event of life the pathway and introduction to immortality! - his miraculous gifts devoted to the comfort and relief of our burdened humanity, becoming the tokens of the Divine love and compassion most signally and beneficently displayed.

And yet, when we contemplate his spotless purity, his all-embracing benevolence, his unwearied and all-sacrificing labors for our race, more conspicuously still does he manifest the Perfect One, and become to us the image of God; maintaining, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, unblemished holiness of character; embracing in the broad range of his sympathies all generations and classes and conditions; sparing himself from no office of duty or mercy by which he could bless or do good to others. So in his solemn warnings to the worldly; his rebukes of the hardhearted and the hypocritical; his denunciations of wilful and impenitent sin; or in his winning invitations of the weary and heavy-laden to come to him, and find rest; in his benedictions upon the meek, the humble, the peace-makers; in his mercy to the penitent; in his compassion for the ignorant,

the misguided, and the oppressed, — how in all did he bring down God as it were, the Infinite Father, to the comprehension and confiding love of men! The moral manifestation of Deity thus made to mankind in Christ stamps him most emphatically the image of God, since herein are those perfections of God which are best fitted to attract and win human reverence, trust, and love, brought before us in symbols and characters which become spells to the susceptible heart, and bind it to a service of love, gratitude, and joy.

That Christ is to us the image of the invisible God, is a truth full of most important practical bearings upon the formation and growth of the life of God in the soul. We can see the Invisible only through his works, and in the course of his Providence. In Jesus, the only-begotten of the Father, we have his most glorious manifestation. The simple and faithful pens of evangelists, and especially of his beloved apostle, have transmitted it. In their living record, he is not a dead but a living Christ. Every time we turn to contemplate him, we behold the standard by which we are to be tried. The consciousness that we are day by day approaching that spotless and surpassing excellence, and drinking more and more into that heavenly spirit which was his, were the choicest boon of being; while to have shunned not followed that example, neglected not studied that life, rejected not embraced that Saviour, were most grievous and sad. The tender pleadings of the heart, once touched by beholding and dwelling on that Divine Image, prompt us to strive for the former. That blessed Being whom Jesus reveals spares time for repentance and reconciliation. Every sacred sabbath, every hour of meditation and prayer, every season of communion, the changes of the world, the current of events, the flow of time, - may all be blest by the true temple within the heart, and the earnest aspiration and effort of the soul to bring us nearer to God. "Image" of the Invisible will make the Invisible clearer; until, "with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." F.

RANDOM READINGS.

LAST WORDS FOR THE LAST DAYS.

This is the last number of the year; and we do not like to let the last days go by without a word of farewell, to be followed, if it please God, by another word of greeting, when the new year shall have opened. It has been signally and conspicuously a year of the Lord; and especially are we filled with much hope for our country, as we draw to its close. Her high fortunes seem to us now secure beyond all peradventure. The great peril of the election season safely over; those who would have chosen another result for the most part acquiescent, and acquiescent, as we think, not through despair, but through a fresh access of that confidence in republicanism and in truth which ought never to have forsaken any breast; the minds of the nation flowing together as one mind, conviction and determination having succeeded mere passion, - we all breathe freely and deeply. The year has been crowned with blessings, if heroism and patience, and the consecration of a multitude of every age and condition, and of both sexes, to a sacred cause, are blessings. For many of her children the Nation has wept great tears; but they were not bitter tears. There has been light in the dwellings of our people even in the days of darkness, as in the dwellings of the children of Israel, when the land of Egypt was shrouded in the most appalling gloom. It has been a year to be gratefully remembered, because it has brought us nearer to the happy issue which we are surely to have out of our great trial, — a year to be gratefully remembered for the consolations and the hopes which have enriched and enlarged so many hearts. A precious month remains for completing every imperfect record; for striking the blow which shall put an end, at last, to the still-lingering sin; for abolishing some old enmity; for consecrating the life anew in the faith and hope and love of that gospel to whose real successes every year is steadily adding, though sometimes we are misled by appearances into the dreary assertion, that the age of Christian miracles is past. When the light shall arise, and shine upon church and state and home as never before, we shall

understand how vain were our fears; and that fulfilment, not destruction, is ever the purpose of our Redeemer God: to whom be glory forever and ever: Amen!

"Already on the sable ground
Of man's despair
Is freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer!

Oh! small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross!"

E.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

WE admit an article into our pages reflecting somewhat severely upon the critique of one of the editors on Mr. Sawyer's late book, not because we think the critique successfully answered, but from respect to the writer of the article, and a willingness to have our readers hear all sides. We suspect the writer has not read the book in question. It should be read, before one undertakes to apologize or defend, and the points in debate clearly stated, with a yea or a nay. Mr. Sawyer's personal motives are not called in question. But canons of criticism, and doctrines about Christ and his religion which subvert all the old foundations of Christian faith, are put forward as the dogmata of the writer, and not on any critical grounds fairly made out. The "fictitious character" of the Gospel of Mark is announced, because it narrates supernatural events. Those who receive such events as verities are regarded as "foolish," "childish," deprived of "the benefits and safeguards of common sense," and so on. The parentage of Jesus is regarded as "discreditable," his birth "illegitimate," solely because his father's name is not given by Mark. The author must know that multitudes, of as much learning and manhood as he would claim for himself, regard these same supernatural events as eminently consonant with the whole life and character and mission of the Saviour; yea, that the highest and noblest manhood, as they hold, has been

nursed and unfolded by being brought into communion with a Saviour supernaturally received and apprehended. Mr. Sawyer is not generally discourteous, and he does not mean to be irreverent. He is less so than most of the ultra-radical critics with whom supernaturalists are flouted at as either fools or knaves. See Weiss's Life of Theodore Parker, passim. Is it reasonable to ask that those who believe in the supernatural and divine character and work of Christ as their most cherished and vital convictions, and the grounds of their hope of human progress, who have examined critically the record, and found its integrity unassailable, will treat these questions euphemistically, and pour out milk-and-water sentiment about them? The right of discussion is not denied to any one. We read all sides, and try to get the stand-point of the rankest radicalism, and all the reasons that justify it. And, when stating our dissent, we hold that the English language was made to express meaning, and not mystify it; and that its words which cut the clearest are to be brought out and applied, and not left in the dictionaries to grow obsolete.

REV. DAN HUNTINGTON.

WE have already, in another place, paid our humble tribute to his memory; but we wish, at least, to record his name in a Magazine which was so long under the editorial care of one of his household, and which he had so often taken up to read; and we have a word to add concerning the manner of his dying. It was singularly beautiful; a part, indeed, of that quiet, hopeful, cheerful Christian living which completed his days on earth, and so admirably illustrated what Whittier recites to us, in "Andrew Rykman's Prayer," as a part of the legend upon the good man's grave-stone; which may still be deciphered through the moss: "Trust is truer than our fears." It is not granted to every one to die with gracious words upon the lips, or with the light of love and peace shining out from the face. The corruptible body often weigheth down the soul; and the powers that have served almost to the end fail at the last, and the best sometimes die, and make no sign: we are thankful to be assured that the passage into the other world was easy. In the case of our aged friend, the last moments were

as much to be desired as any that had gone before. As the time of his departure drew near, and the sands grew fewer and fewer, and seemed to chase each other down the glass, and he read in the faces about him what had already been whispered in his ear by God's messenger, like one of the old patriarchs, he gathered up the little strength that still remained midway in the fifth score of years; and, in the words with which he had so often dismissed the assembly of Christian worshippers, the words of apostolic benediction, the summing-up of the gospel, released the waiting, reverent household to their life-duties, saying, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all evermore: Amen!" - and so passed through the door which Christ, when he had overcome the sharpness of death, opened into the heavens, to join, as we must, the general assembly and church of the first-born. What a contrast between such a Christian dying as this and any Gentile euthanasia! How wonderfully and graciously those words of benediction have come to us from the day when confessors and martyrs went to prison and to death in the strength which that prayer called down out of the heavens, to our own time, when, alas! all unmindful of their deep and sacred significance, the congregation too often are busied, whilst the minister repeats the sentence, in preparations for leaving the house of worship. May these few words of ours help to make the benediction a living word again for some hearts, that we may none of us fail of that most sweet grace, of that most wondrous love, of that altogether blessed communion!

When self is thrust aside, like the great stone rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre of Jesus, then the soul, that holy thing of God, which, though buried, cannot see corruption, comes forth with eyes like lightning and raiment white as snow; and, for fear of it, the powers of darkness tremble, and become as dead men. When self is renounced, as it was by Jesus, then the divine spirit within is set free, and God speaks and breathes without obstruction upon the world through the illimitable forces of Faith and Love, and mankind are lifted up out of the depths. — Furness's Veil partly lifted.

GAIL HAMILTON ON MEN AND WOMEN.

On these themes, Gail Hamilton pours out a good deal of sense, with floods of nonsense. She writes sensibly about the necessity of womanly independence, with a distinct object in life aside from getting married. She writes the usual nonsense about women's wages, and wastes torrents of indignation against employers, committee-men, and the masculine gender generally, because women, in some departments, are paid less than men for the same work. She ignores the fact, that the law of demand and supply here, as everywhere, is inexorable; and that all the men and women in the universe cannot change or annul it. The reason why woman is paid less is, not that she is a woman, but because seven women to one man are ready to do the same work. The remedy is not railing at employers. Committees who employ teachers pay the market-prices as they are fixed already; and they would be false to their trust if they did otherwise. The remedy is not spitting against the wind, but enlarging the sphere of womanly employment; and, when there are less women available for the same work and crowding into it, the wages will go up. The price will increase exactly as the supply decreases. Touching the enlargement of woman's sphere and the prejudice against it, Gail Hamilton, too, has some "spasms of sense," and more violent spasms of nonsense. So far as we know, the prejudice of men is not half so strong as that of women themselves against this free range of employment. We know, at least, what a great many men think and say; and, depend upon it, O Gail! that the girls that float and languish without aim, and without doing something, are not the objects of men's most fervent admiration; while those who will outdo the men in teaching, in writing books, in raising pears and apples, in managing a household, or in managing a business-firm, challenge our unfeigned homage. We men are jealous and envious when competing with each other; but when beaten by woman, if so be she retains her womanly excellence and glory, we love her the better: we rather like to be beaten by her; for we have an instinctive feeling that we are ennobled by her success. Hence, as soon as the fact became patent that women make better teachers than men, the latter retired from the field; and women are becoming the sole teachers in most of the common schools of Massa-

chusetts. And they are paid better than the men were, when the latter had possession of the field; simply because women have glorified this calling, elevated the standard, and distanced the men in the race. So it will be in any thing. Do something; enlarge your sphere of beneficence in any direction; do any thing you can do well, - not sit still, nor scold at irreversible laws; and the law of demand and supply will operate without regard to sex: men will be ready to render homage, and God will be well pleased. The whole field of domestic service, once filled honorably by American girls, they abandoned to foreign "help," given to lying and thieving. Those girls that purchase starvation by making drawers at five cents a-piece, or finely stitched shirts at sixteen, could retake this field of service any day through all the homes of the country, conquering no "prejudice" but their own, elevate this sphere of work and glorify it, add immensely to human comfort and welfare, and receive more compensation than many a minister receives for preaching the gospel.

"EXHAUSTING THE RESOURCES OF STATESMANSHIP."

[Here is a fable from the Russian, showing that talking is worse than useless, when the time for it has gone by. — E.]

KRILOFF has written so many excellent fables of general interest, that I scarcely know which to speak of and which to pass over. One of the most popular is that of "The Cat and the Cook;" in the conception of which we see the vigorous shrewdness of the Russian mind reflected quite as strikingly as in the "Metaphysics" of Khemnitser, and in a more artistic, allegorical form. The cook was a great rhetorician, and was fond of preaching to the cat, whom on one occasion, finding it necessary to visit the neighboring tavern, he left in charge of the kitchen, enjoining him, with much eloquence, to preserve the eatables from the mice. On his return, the cook, to his horror and amazement, found Vaska devouring a roast chicken, while by his side lay the evidence of previous guilt in the shape of an empty pie-crust. "Oh, you wretch, you glutton!" exclaims the cook: "are you not ashamed that the very walls should see you, to say nothing of men?" Vaska continues to eat the chicken. "Why, until now you were reputed an honest cat; you were even held up as a pattern of virtue; and at present—oh dear, what a disgrace! The neighbors will say, 'That cat Vaska is a rogue; that cat Vaska is a thief: he is not fit to come into the kitchen, nor even into the yard; he is like a hungry wolf near a sheepfold, and is the pest and the poison of the place.'"

Vaska hears and eats.

"The orator," says Kriloff, "gave full flow to his words; and there would apparently have been no end to his moralizing, when suddenly he perceived, that, while he had been talking, the cat had finished the chicken." One can fancy the Emperor Nicholas enjoying this fable, and saying to himself that the moral, as follows, might have been profitably studied by Louis Philippe: "I give this piece of advice to other cooks, and would have them inscribe it on the kitchen-wall: 'not to waste words when force should be employed."—The Russians at Home, by Sutherland Edwards.

WE extract the following lines, exquisitely tender and beautiful, from Mrs. Child's new book, "Looking towards Sunset." They are credited to "Anonymous." How many will find, on reading it, some sweet, maternal face coming out vividly in the light of memory!

THE GOOD OLD GRANDMOTHER, WHO DIED AGED EIGHTY.

Oh! softly wave the silver hair From off that aged brow: The crown of glory worn so long A fitting crown is now.

Fold reverently the weary hands That toiled so long and well; And, while your tears of sorrow fall, Let sweet thanksgivings swell.

That life-work, stretching o'er long years,
A varied web has been;
With silver threads by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between.

These silver hairs stole softly on, Like flakes of falling snow, . That wrap the green earth lovingly When autumn breezes blow. Each silver hair, each wrinkle there, Records some good deed done, Some flower she cast along the way, Some spark from Love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home!

It seemed as if the floor

Was always flecked with spots of sun,

And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step
Made music as she went;
A loving song was on her lip,
The song of full content.

And now, in later years, her word

Has been a blessed thing
In many a home, where glad she saw
Her children's children spring.

Her widowed life has happy been,
With brightness born of heaven;
So pearl and gold in drapery fold
The sunset couch at even.

Oh! gently fold the weary hands,
That toiled so long and well:
The spirit rose to angel bands,
When off earth's mantle fell.

She's safe within her Father's house,
Where many mansions be:
Oh, pray that thus such rest may come,
Dear heart, to me and thee!

If it is a strange blindness to live without inquiring what we are, it is a fearful one to live in sin while we believe a God.—

Pascal.

YET is it greatness in man, in his irregularities, to be able to derive from them so admirable a code of laws, and to exhibit in them, thus, a semblance of charity.— Pascal.

Nor to have discerned the relation of sorrow to virtue is perhaps the most striking defect pervading all the Greek moral philosophy. — Newman.

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the Peace; being a history of England from 1816 to 1854, with an Introduction, 1800 to 1815. By Harriet Martineau. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

There is an urgent want of just such a History as this; and the publishers are supplying it at the right time. Neither Hume's History, with the supplementary books of Smollett and Miller, nor Macaulay nor Knight, cover the whole period which is here embraced, and which extends over the most stirring and pregnant events of modern times. The wars of Napoléon, which shook both continents; our second war with England; the abolition of slavery in the West Indies; and the most important reforms in England, involving internal changes, social and political,—all belong to this period. The great statesmen, orators, and military leaders of the century pass over the scene,—the younger Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, Canning, Peel, Brougham, Nelson, Wellington, and a long list with hardly less brilliant names. Great questions were debated and settled, which serve as precedents for the present times.

The present work is to consist of four volumes, two of which are now issued. The first volume is introductory, coming down to the Peace of 1815, which settled the affairs both of Europe and America, after the long, desolating wars in which France and England were conspicuous. The three last volumes cover the thirty-nine years of peace, down to the Russian War of 1854. Miss Martineau has some excellent qualifications for such a work. In her sympathies she is always liberal and humane. She is fair and candid; and her style is vigorous, flowing, and clear. She takes no pains to hide or palliate the faults of her own countrymen. In her chapter on the American War, she does ample and impartial justice to the United States, as much so as any American writer could have done, and condemns the policy of England sometimes with indignant moral rebuke. Notices of the progress of art, science, and literature, and passing reviews of the lives and works of the great poets, are included in the author's plan. VOL. XXXII.

The work was revised, and an entire new Book added expressly for the American edition. "There are many reasons," says Miss Martineau, "why I earnestly desire that the edition intended for American readers should be as good as I can make it; but the chief consideration is, that the privilege of a new country and a young nation in benefiting by the experience of the old, may be somewhat lessened or increased by the way of telling the story of that experience." We gladly welcome the work, and wait eagerly for the remaining two volumes.

The Blade and the Ear: Thoughts for a Young Man. By A. B. Muzzey. Boston: William V. Spencer.

Mr. Muzzey gives excellent advice, plain, direct, and forcible, enforcing the highest motives, and calculated to produce, if well heeded, the highest tone of character and the highest kind of success in life. This treatise embraces the following topics: The Young Man at Home; Young Men the Hope of the Land; Basis of Success; Moral Dangers; Recreations; Female Society; Books and Reading; The Bible, - why to be read; Moral Preventives. The lessons urged are spiced and pointed with illustration and anecdote. Some of the topics, it will be seen, require to be treated with wisdom and delicacy, - especially that which involves the relations of the sexes. They are not treated too freely or minutely; and the earnest advice given is timely and wise. On the subject of "Recreations," we wish the author had gone more into detail. Young men are not fond of being "preached" to; but they will find in this book a generous appreciation of their position, of the vast interests depending upon them, especially at this solemn crisis of our history, and a generous sympathy with them in their feelings, wants, temptations, and responsibilities. It is a good book for fathers and mothers to give to their boys.

History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth United-States Congresses, 1861-64. By Henry Wilson. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

This volume will be valuable as one of the sources of history touching the most momentous question of the age. The prominent actors here come under review; what they did, and what they said in the course of debate; how they voted, and the final legislation. It is a very readable book of 384 pages.

Familiar Letters from Europe. By Cornelius Conway Felton, late President of Harvard University. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The lamented president owned no stilts, and never borrowed any from his neighbors, even for grand occasions, when one might be expected to tower a little. Letters to friends, and written in a very familiar and friendly way, are just what we should have looked for from so genial and easy a man. They contain no pedantry. They are full of a sort of written-out table-talk: they bring the man before us. Only one thing strikes us as a little unnatural, - we are surprised that the worthy man, once upon a time, in Greece, made a discovery that his garments needed repairs. He must have been inspired for a moment by "the god of this world." He speaks of the edges of the "pants" as somewhat ragged. We think that we have seen the professional garments in that condition on this side of the water, whilst one of those pleasant recitations, which were a sort of conversazione, was going forward. The Grecian was admirable; but the Grecian never got the better of the man. Careful as he was always to provide Greek tragedy and comedy on visitation-days, for the entertainment of the Committee, he did not fail to remind us, (what sensible man would?) that there would be "apple-fritters," as heretofore, at the Brattle House. Our president was never left, like one of his predecessors in the Greek department, to ask his lady neighbor, at a dinner-party, in some stress of conversational weather, - "Have you seen the last edition of my Greek Grammar?" and never compelled, like him, to hear the mortifying admission, that a book so excellent had, up to that time, escaped the attention of one otherwise so accomplished. They are human, yes, humane letters these; and all the more pleasant because so many of them were written from the land whose literature the writer loved so wisely and so well.

E.

Looking towards Sunset is a volume of Mrs. Child, just published by Ticknor & Fields.—It is all sunshine,—bright, warm, and mellow; intended to cheer and comfort those whose sun is sinking westward. It is made up partly of original articles, partly of selected; many of them not only rich, but curious and rare. Young persons as well as old will read it; and it is calculated to make them not only happier, but better.

Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson. Vol. I. containing Legends of the Angels and Archangels, the Evangelists, the Apostles, the Doctors of the Church, and St. Mary Magdalene, as represented in the Fine Arts. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

Vol. II. containing the Patron Saints, the Martyrs, the Early Bishops, the Hermits, and the Warrior Saints of Christendom, as represented in the Fine Arts.

These two volumes constitute a perfect Thesaurus of Christian legend; and the reader of moderate means will be very grateful that he can obtain so valuable a work in a form so satisfactory, and at a comparatively trifling cost. The results of the labors of the late Mrs. Jameson are widely and most favorably known, and need no commendation. We think that her volumes would do good service as text-books in our schools of divinity; and they are full of entertainment and of profitable suggestion to the unprofessional reader, whilst to the lover of art they are invaluable. Is the time yet far distant when the spirit of Christ shall be to our common, every-day, sinful, and sorrowful world, what it has been already to the ideal worlds of poets and painters? Is it not time for a new army of martyrs?

The same publishers have issued, in the same convenient and pleasant form, HAWTHORNE'S "Twice-Told Tales;" and we sincerely hope that the volumes will supplant, in the hands of our younger readers, many of the thin and chaffy novelettes which now use up their eyes, and excite their brains, to no purpose.

A New Atmosphere. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — It is all about men and women, told in Gail Hamilton's diffuse, but dashing and vigorous style; giving her peculiar views in a downright way. See the Random Readings.

ERRATUM. — In the article on "Broken Lights" in the last number of the Magazine, an error of punctuation occurs in the second sentence, which quite changes the meaning of the writer. A colon should have been inserted after "is," and "not" should begin with a capital. The difference is, that, with this corrected punctuation, the writer of the article is not made to say, what he seems to say, as it now stands, that Theism is the superior of Christianity. He merely declares that to be the doctrine of the book reviewed.

